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New-York Daily Tribune.

FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY

THURSDAY, JANUARY 12, 1893.

TWELVE PAGES.

THE NEWS THIS MORNING.

Foreign.—M. Burdeau declined to accept the Ministry of Marine in the new French Cabinet; the post was offered to Admiral Gervais, who also declined; M. Eiffel and M. Fontane gave evidence before the Court of Appeals in the Panama trial. ==== There were several cases of cholera at Hamburg on the steamship Murciano, from New-Orleans; one death occurred in Amsterdam from the disease. ==== General Dodds states that the Dahomey tribesmen are completely pacified. ==== A reception was given at the American Legation in Paris. ==== John Huntington, of Cleveland, Ohio, died in London.

Congress.—Both Houses were in session, but both adjourned at once on the announcement of Senator Kenna's death; in the House the bill to repeal the Sherman act was reported from the Committee on Banking and Currency.

Domestic.—Senator Hiscock received the unanimous choice of the Republican legislative caucus for re-election. ==== General Benjamin F. Butler died in Washington. ==== Senator Kenna, of West Virginia, died in Washington. ==== Twenty-four miners were killed by an explosion in a Colorado coal mine. ==== Chancellor McGill ordered the appointment of a receiver for the Central Railroad of New-Jersey. ==== A truce was agreed upon pending efforts at compromise by the rival houses of the Kansas Legislature. ==== Extreme cold prevailed in the South, as well as the North.

City and Suburban.—New-York City was icebound, water traffic was entirely suspended for a short time; the Kill Von Kull, Staten Island Sound and Flushing Bay were frozen over. ==== There were five new cases of typhus fever and three deaths from the disease in the city. ==== Adolph L. Sanger was elected president of the Board of Education. ==== New-York alumni of Bowdoin College had their annual dinner. ==== It was decided to build the new City Hall in City Hall Park. ==== Industrial stocks depressed and others affected sympathetically; Distilling lost 2 1-2, and Sugar Refining 1 1-2 per cent, while railway shares nearly firm, and among specialties Manhattan Railway gained over 4 per cent. Money on call ruled at 4 per cent.

The Weather.—Forecast for to-day: Fair, followed by cloudiness, and rain or snow; warmer. Temperature yesterday: Highest, 12 degrees; lowest, 3; average, 8 3-8.

Republican members of the Legislature are justified in having a hearty laugh at their opponents, who have at last determined to revise the Constitutional Convention bill so as to make it follow the exact lines of the Republican measure passed in 1867. The bill passed last year was clearly unconstitutional, and the one rushed through last week seems to be equally so. This is a good joke on the Democrats, but it has a very serious side, and should serve as a warning against hasty and ill-considered legislation.

It is unfortunate for the State of New-York and for the country that the disaster which overtook the Republican party in November will put a Democrat in Senator Hiscock's seat on the 4th of March. The Republicans in the Legislature have done the just and graceful thing in resolving to give Mr. Hiscock the compliment of their full vote against Edward Murphy, jr.

Senator McCarty is preparing—under specific orders from Brooklyn doubtless—to press his bill legalizing the Columbus Day expenditures in Kings County, on which the indictments of a large number of officials are based. The bill is a special order in the Senate to-day, and a desperate effort will, it is expected, be made to pass it. It is understood that one or two Democrats are not in favor of the measure, so that its fate is uncertain. We sincerely hope that no Republican in either the Senate or Assembly will lend himself to the Democrats for the sake of putting through this indefensible bill to help a lot of indicted Democratic officials out of their bad predicament.

There is a revival of opposition to Mr. Crisp as the Speaker of the next House, but his opponents do not appear to be very sanguine of beating him. Whether Mr. Cleveland will take a hand in the fight is an interesting question; a recent episode in this State may have some bearing on it. Of course the President-elect would not choose Mr. Crisp for Speaker, but the present anti-Crisp talk looks merely like sparring for good committee places for some of Mr. Cleveland's friends.

Mayor Gilroy is preparing to push his scheme for a new municipal building with the utmost speed possible. The special commission yesterday, without a word of protest from one of the members, decided to erect the new building on the site of the present City Hall; plans are to be advertised for at once; and it is hoped, the Mayor says, to break ground in June. This is a Tammany job of startling proportions, and it will be discreditable as well as surprising if the people of the city sit idly by while it is carried to completion. The City Hall is our most attractive and interesting municipal structure, and every sentiment of respect for what is venerable as well as worthy, and every feeling of civic pride, should impel our citizens to insist on leaving it untouched. Nothing but a powerful popular demonstration will prevent the contemplated vandalism. And the time to act is now.

PROPOSED MANHATTAN EXTENSIONS.

New-Yorkers generally now appear to expect that the Rapid-Transit Commission will grant extraordinary privileges and immense extensions to the Manhattan system. It is not likely that there will be any persistent and formidable opposition to such grants, provided that the people become convinced that a new spirit has entered the Manhattan councils, and that the present managers of the system have experienced an entire change of heart. No one can dispute the obvious truth that the elevated railroads have not hitherto been managed with the purpose of giving the public the largest measure possible of quick, efficient and comfortable service. The chief ambition of the Manhattan directors hitherto has seemingly been to get hold of Battery Park, and to give its patrons as poor a service and as little comfort as it could well supply. Many of the directors of the elevated roads who were directors when the strongest efforts were put forth to ruin Battery Park are directors now. It will require overwhelming evidence to satisfy the community that these directors have seen a new light, and will devote themselves hereafter with a single mind to furnishing New-York with as complete and satisfactory a system of swift and convenient transportation as it is in their power to furnish.

If the elevated railroads are to be extended and expanded, the guardians of the public interests should see to it that not a single foot of additional space in any public park is surrendered to them. The city should receive satisfactory compensation for the enormous increase in traffic and in profits which must follow the proposed extensions. Pledges, guarantees, steel-clad contracts should be exacted on the part of the city, that the best service possible shall be afforded, and that the public treasury shall receive a handsome percentage of the receipts from the elevated lines. It is clear enough now that Tammany Hall long ago decided that New-York should not have a new and adequate system of rapid transit, and that some of the members of the Rapid-Transit Commission came to the same conclusion. In this matter it is evident that the city cannot hope for a whole loaf for many a year to come. But can it trust the elevated railroad management to give it anything softer than Belgian blocks? The rapid-transit problem is very far from solution. The present commission is not now in the least likely to solve it satisfactorily. The baffled, perplexed, deluded, deceived and indignant people are almost ready to accept even the scantiest measure of relief from any quarter. Tammany Hall will do nothing for the public benefit. The Tammany city government cannot be trusted. And in the Rapid-Transit Commission obviously the Manhattan influence is altogether too potent. The needs of the city are urgent. Swift trains on stilts are dangerous experiments. But travel in the air is all that New-Yorkers can now look for within any reasonable time. If the Manhattan management will be satisfied with 6 per cent assured dividends on money actually expended, will give up attempted raids on public parks, will manage the property as the Pennsylvania Railroad is managed, with the determination to give the best possible service, will aim to improve the system as a permanent investment and not as a bubble for speculation in Wall Street, the city will at least secure some advantage. But the outlook is not encouraging.

THE PANAMA MAELSTROM.

The astounding testimony given by Charles de Lesseps in relation to the Panama swindle serves to explain what has been an inexplicable mystery. The French people, having invested many hundreds of millions of francs in that ill-managed and impracticable enterprise, might have been supposed with reason to know something about it; but they were more ignorant than well-informed Americans or Englishmen. They were emptying their stockings and accepting the promises of the Grand Frenchman as infallible when all the world was aware that the project was a failure and unspeakably corrupt and wasteful in administration. Why was a nation so conspicuous for lucidity of intelligence as France blind when the stupendous folly and monstrous dishonesty of this enterprise were apparent to every traveller who crossed the Isthmus and witnessed the revels of debauchery at Panama? M. de Lesseps explains this phenomenon. The truth was suppressed by the expenditure of a vast corruption fund. Journalists, Ministers, Deputies and Senators were bribed to withhold or to misrepresent the essential facts. Large sums were expended for what was known as "advertising," whenever any new issue of bonds was floated; and in the end Charles de Lesseps gave millions outright to Baron de Reinach, practically telling him to keep as much as he liked and to use the remainder in secret service according to his discretion.

Charles de Lesseps throws light upon the amazing credulity of the investors who were cut off from all trustworthy sources of information; but he does not explain the fatuity of the managers of the enterprise in persevering in their desperate devices when the final catastrophe was inevitable. If France was in the dark the directors were not. They knew that 1,400,000,000 francs had been expended on a work which Ferdinand de Lesseps had declared at the outset would not cost more than 600,000,000 francs, and that there was not even a remote possibility of completing the waterway on the original lines of a tide-level canal. Yet they persisted in advocating their project when their offices were besieged by blackmailers and corruptionists and ultimate failure was absolutely certain. Extraordinary exertions and large expenditures were required for securing the introduction of the Lottery bill. M. Baihaut, Minister of Public Works, demanded 1,000,000 francs and received 375,000 francs. He was one of a swarm of corrupt pensioners, and Charles de Lesseps describes him as putting a knife to the throats of the managers. But they submitted to all exactions, and with the desperation of gamblers reduced to facing the turn of a last gold piece they strove to secure the issue of the lottery loan; yet they must have known that even the success of that highly costly bit of legislative jobbery would only avert for a few months the inevitable crash.

It is not difficult to understand how greedy adventurers like Arton and Herz were pressed into the service as lobbyists and secret agents. They had their fortunes to make, and could depend upon their presence of mind and agility in escaping from the country whenever the catastrophe might occur. What is inexplicable is the recklessness with which Baron de Reinach and the managers of the company allowed themselves to be drawn into a maelstrom of corruption from which their own escape was impossible. They may have fancied that by implicating Ministers, officials and legislators in the scandal and by compromising nearly every public reputation in France they could succeed in deferring for an indefinite period a public exposure which would menace the existence of republican institutions. If that was the method in their madness it was like the vagaries of Ophelia's dreams. The leeches and blackmailers who were bleeding them would inevitably turn against them when there was no more money to be made out of them. With the Royalists and Boulangists intriguing against the Republic there would be an active market for state secrets and legislative scandals. When they themselves were sold out by those whom they had purchased, what resource would remain except the base expedient of betraying all their confederates and seeking to wreck the Republic? Charles de Lesseps now has it in his power to ruin every one who has had corrupt dealings with the Panama Company. But the enterprise which was to have made his father the greatest Frenchman since Napoleon has been irretrievably ruined; he and his fellow-directors are self-confessed corruptionists and swindlers; and while every enemy of the Republic is waiting eagerly for their disclosures, the truth long suppressed can only seal their infamy.

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

The death of General Butler removes from public sight one of the most picturesque characters that ever figured in American history. From the time of his first appearance upon the stage of National politics in the Democratic National Convention of 1860 at Charleston until his practical retirement from public life in 1884, when he was the candidate of the Greenback party for President, he was seldom out of sight for any length of time. The notoriety gained in the Charleston Convention, where as the leader of the Massachusetts delegation he voted fifty-seven times for Jefferson Davis for President, would have been soon lost but for the succession of events which a twelvemonth later brought him into the field in armed opposition to the cause which Jefferson Davis represented in that convention and to the movement in support of that cause of which Davis was the head. The suddenness of the transformation was almost startling. It was the first one of those dramatic effects with which for the next quarter of a century he was accustomed at intervals to dazzle the imagination and confuse the sense of the spectator. But it was not alone by the suddenness of his transformations or the rapidity and facility of his mutations that he held the stage and kept himself before the people. His originality of mind, fertility of resource, and a certain reckless audacity born of undoubting confidence in himself were qualities which met the popular demand and answered to the exigencies of great emergencies in a most stirring and eventful time.

Whatever else may be said of him, it will not be denied that he rendered great and useful service to the cause of the Union from the time when he startled the party of Secession, with which he seemed to be naturally allied, by answering the call for troops in defence of the Government, until the war closed. That his faults of temper and astonishing weaknesses on some sides of his character often served evil purposes, and operated as hindrances rather than as helps, is equally true. Yet, taken all in all, it may be said in truth and not in the language of eulogy, that from his first important service at Baltimore in 1861 to the termination, not specially glorious, of his military career he rendered benefits to his country that a thousand times outweighed the ill effects of his foibles and his follies, his overweening self-confidence and self-assertion and his constant pursuit of selfish ends. With many of the qualities of a successful commander, and notwithstanding some noteworthy successes, his military career can hardly be called more than a disappointment. But it should also be said that partly on account of the peculiar conditions surrounding him and partly because of his own peculiarities of character he had unusual difficulties to encounter, and there was never a moment in his military career, as indeed there never was in all his public life, in which he was not followed by an opposition always determined and persistent and oftentimes bitterly personal and malignant. And there was always something impressive in the manner in which he not only faced opposition but seemed to be gladdened by the very tumult of it. He enjoyed the storm he breasted.

His career as a public man in civil life was much the same as it had been in the field of war. Always dramatic and interesting, there were times when it flashed with the brilliance of some unexpected success or sudden achievement in the face of heavy odds, and the periods were rare when he was for any length of time off the stage or out of public sight. The footlights were his joy: and whether he posed as a patriot or clowned it for the groundlings he kept well to the front and never let the audience lose sight of him. But his public life furnishes little that is inspiring as an example. He had successes, as they are called in politics, and some of rather a remarkable sort; but as Member of Congress or Governor of his State he has left little that will endure to the credit of his fame or the benefit of his fellow-men. He could hardly be called a statesman; always and everywhere he was the politician, and it is truth to say, the time-serving, self-seeking politician; playing a game, not pursuing a calling. With a cynical disregard for anything like high political principle he habitually played the demagogue, practising upon the credulity of the people in furtherance of his own personal ambitions or selfish ends.

His closing days were full of bickerings, disputes and litigations over transactions recent and long past. The end of his life, peaceful and painless, seems in striking contrast with his troubled and stormy career.

THE PRICE OF SILVER.

The course of the market for silver bullion ought to satisfy even the most zealous that the Silver Purchase act does no good. In fact, so far as can be judged from the quotations, the act only tends at this time to depress the price. This it does by creating a larger market for the metal, and thus encouraging many mines to increase their production. So long as this force is in constant operation the price of bullion must tend downward, and the desire of the United States to secure the restoration of silver to monetary use must be thwarted.

In 1873, when the act discontinuing silver coinage was passed, silver bullion was worth 59 7-8 pence per ounce, so that the silver dollar was worth about 1 1-2 cents more as bullion than it was worth as current money. In the six preceding years the price had averaged from 60.31 to 60.87 pence per ounce, so that the dollar was worth from 2 to 3 cents more as bullion than as current money. The decline which followed the passage of that act depressed the price about 5 pence per ounce below par in gold, so that in 1878, when the Bland Silver Coinage act was passed, the average of daily quotations in February and March was 54.29 pence per ounce. It was supposed by the advocates of that measure that it would raise the price of bullion, but, on the contrary, silver fell to 50 pence in December of that very year. A recovery of about 3.33 pence occurred during the next year, but it was not until December, 1884, that the price dropped definitely and permanently below 50 pence. This was obviously because of the increase in production stimulated by the persistent agitation for free coinage. The average of daily quotations each month in that year, in 1888, and in later years has been as follows:

	1884.	1888.	1889.	1890.	1891.	1892.
January	50.87	44.41	42.54	44.45	47.94	42.80
February	51.13	44.03	42.59	44.05	45.60	41.50
March	51.23	43.32	42.52	42.90	44.95	40.86
April	50.72	42.03	42.19	45.43	44.51	39.72
May	50.82	42.05	42.16	47.00	44.47	40.03
June	50.80	42.10	42.03	47.56	44.99	40.58
July	50.76	42.11	42.19	49.28	46.00	39.69
August	50.83	42.01	42.35	52.83	45.42	38.11
September	50.72	43.21	42.48	53.04	45.04	38.16
October	50.72	43.09	43.03	49.65	41.57	38.90
November	50.05	43.02	43.95	47.20	43.68	38.98
December	49.61	42.51	44.00	48.15	43.80	38.34
Average	50.68	42.88	42.67	47.71	45.08	39.50

The fall from a yearly average of 50.68 pence in 1884 to 42.01 pence in August, 1888, was followed in 1889 by a slight recovery, and after the passage of the Silver Purchase act in 1890 the price rose for a short time higher than it had been since November, 1879. But the beneficial influence of that act was also quickly expended, and while the average in 1891 was considerably higher than in 1887, 1888 or 1889, the price tended steadily downward. As all now know, this was because of the enormous increase in production. In spite of the increase of 30,000,000 ounces in quantity of silver taken off the market each year by the United States, the price fell rapidly. In the year just closed the average has been lower than in any previous year in history, and the price has repeatedly touched 37.93 pence, the lowest ever known.

The exact production during the last year is not yet known, and there are reports that some of the mines have recently discontinued operations. But in other directions the output has increased, largely in connection with the mining of other metals which pay the entire cost, so that the silver is a bye product. Official statements show that at some of the best silver mines the actual cost of producing is from 25 to 40 cents per ounce, so that great profits are realized even now, and the market seems to prove that the aggregate production of the world, even with silver below 39 pence per ounce, has been as far in excess of the world's demand as it ever was.

The best thing that can be done for the miners is to stop the large purchases which constantly encourage increased production. At the same time this measure would remove the most powerful obstacle to the agreement of nations upon a mode of restoring silver to monetary use.

TIGER AND ZEBRA.

History does repeat itself. Not in precise terms, but on broad, general lines. The details may not be identical, but the salient features are so familiar, the essential facts have such a suggestively reminiscent flavor, that we recognize them at once as recurrences of what happened last year or perhaps as long ago as when Tweed was "Boss." We all remember, for instance, how last June an immense audience from all parts of the country gathered in an enormous woodshed on the shore of Lake Michigan to see a fierce and hungry Tiger let loose and then brought under control, subdued, tamed and harnessed to a band wagon. The show had been widely advertised. Anecdotes illustrating the animal's ferocious and carnivorous nature had been disseminated through the press. Only recently he had devastated a whole State, had basked in the Capitol and stretched himself at full length on the bench of the highest court. And men said that if he was crossed at all in anything at Chicago, or anything white and beautiful and spotless like a Mugwump delegation or anything of that kind was shaken at him, he would make a great deal of trouble all through the country. They said it was ten to one, if anything in the show happened to excite his rage that he would jump off the platform and devour several of the most prominent persons in the country, after which he would proceed to demolish the entire Democratic party and whisk his tail like a besom of destruction over the whole land. Thousands of people assembled and sat under umbrellas in the leaky shed to see the show. Bulletins were issued almost hourly for several days telling how dangerous the animal was, and what carnage would follow any attempt to do anything with him except feed him.

"Professor" William Whitney, who a little later gained great fame as the "Fool Killer," was there with only an ordinary head of hair, simple eye-glasses and unobtrusive civilian's dress. Though not advertised as such, he was there in the capacity of Tiger Tamer. Several days were occupied with devices for exasperating the animal. The Chicago newspapers made fun of him and stuck pins into him, and the mercantile community of that town put up prices on his victuals and drink. People in the show guyed him and shouted at him, and a lot of Anti-Snappers, so-called, pelted him with paper and spitballs and occasionally touched off a firecracker under him. Then Mr. Bourke Cockran told the audience how smooth and velvety he was if he was only well fed and stroked the right way, but what a fearful temper and destructive maw he had if roused by opposition. In his most impressive manner he said he would not care to be responsible for the consequences if the animal got roused. Along toward morning, in the midst of a terrific thunderstorm, when everybody's feelings had been worked up to the highest pitch, they let the animal out, and "Professor" Whitney with very little exertion harnessed him, put a bridle on him, hitched him to a band wagon with all sorts of instruments in it playing all sorts of tunes, and things exploding at intervals, and drove him round as if he was only an ordinary working mule. And the animal didn't even switch his smooth and velvety tail. He just tucked it and pulled while William drove. It was a great show, but many of the audience said it was a "fake" and that the animal never was dangerous.

That was when the Tiger went West. The other night there was quite a similar show in Madison Square Garden. The Zebra came East. A wild and untamed Zebra. A Zebra of the most ferocious character, which had fed on many leading citizens of the Western States, had devoured and easily digested animal tamers in full uniform with all their buttons on, and with unappeased appetite was licking his chops in the expectation of a perfect gorge in Madison Square Garden. A "Professor" was advertised to meet him at that spot and subdue him. He did it in presence of 10,000 screaming spectators. And yet there is dissatisfaction. A great many persons who paid to see the show sniffed at it and said the Zebra was as tame as the Tiger, and that neither one of them ever had spunk enough to resent being saddled and bridled and ridden by a ring-tailed monkey. And there are not wanting those who, having seen the stripes on the two animals, insist that the Zebra coming East was nothing in the world but the Tiger returning from the West.

ONE SURE THING.

The ratification by the Presidential Electors at Albany on Monday of the choice of Edward Murphy, jr., for Senator of the United States is sternly condemned by numerous Democrats. This was one of the certain consequences. Those who disliked that sort of thing were sure to find it just about the sort of thing that they disliked. And accordingly no surprise is felt at the profuse expressions of disapproval with which it is greeted. Several censors embrace the opportunity to remark that the Electoral College system is played out, has become absurd and ought to be abolished. Perhaps this is true: but suppose that in this particular instance the New-York Electors, or a large majority of them, had happened to be in closer sympathy with the man who received their votes for President than with the man who hoped to get their votes at the time of their selection; and suppose that, animated by a pure devotion to Mr. Cleveland, they had formally declared their opposition to Mr. Murphy's candidacy for the Senate. What then? Well, we venture to think that some of the persons who are now convinced that the formal meeting of the Electors is at the best a farce, which is likely to degenerate at any moment into a scandal, would be saying that there was great merit in an institution which was capable of exercising an impressive and elevating and altogether salutary influence at a time when selfish and wicked men were conspiring against the common welfare. The ownership of the ox does unquestionably affect individual estimates of the goring.

It is impossible to foresee all the ultimate results of this interesting incident. Some sanguinary seers are prophesying a long war and dreadful carnage. Others appear to think that we have just witnessed the last spasm of a lost cause. The only absolute certainty in sight is that the Democratic party has an uncommonly large assortment of politics on hand, and that this week's bargain sale has strangely enough increased instead of diminishing the stock.

This latest cold wave made better records at a number of points from Minnesota eastward than did any of its predecessors late in December. At St. Paul the mercury went 4 degrees lower on Tuesday morning than it did last month. There was the same difference at Northfield, Vt. In the metropolis the weather was 8 degrees colder. But in Northern and Western Minnesota and the more distant Northwestern States this particular visitation was not quite so severe; and at White River, in Ontario, north of Lake Superior, where 50 degrees was reported on December 23, the record yesterday morning was only 48 degrees. However, it was about as chilly weather as there is any pressing necessity for; and if there should prove to be any great popular discontent, there are yet a few weeks in which old Boreas may pacify the grumblers.

Brooklyn has the peculiar distinction of being the only city in the Union whose Mayor has narrowly escaped indictment by a Grand Jury and requires special legislation to exempt him from civil suits grounded upon official neglect.

New-Jersey must be proud of its Legislature. The most influential member of the lower house is William J. Thompson, a professional gambler and law-breaker, a professional promoter of cruelty to animals, the proprietor of the infamous hippodrome at Gloucester, where the laws of New-Jersey have been defied daily for years. This Thompson, in the exact language of the New-Jersey statutes, is a keeper of a disorderly house. He has been indicted repeatedly, but has escaped punishment by means of his powerful Democratic "pull." This unjailed criminal has put the starter at his contemptible caricature of a race-track in the Speaker's chair of the New-Jersey Assembly. Can the degradation of the State possibly go farther?

The members of the State Board of Health are reported to be preparing to urge upon the Legislature the setting aside of an emergency fund to be used in case the cholera should menace the State at any time in the future. It will be remembered that last fall when the cholera was at our gates the Chamber of Commerce set on foot measures to raise a fund of $250,000, to be placed at the disposal of the public authorities if an emergency should arise. This was regarded at the time as a wise and prudent thing to do. It will be the part of wisdom for the State to prepare betimes for an emergency that is easily possible the coming summer.

"Fading, still fading," is the song that Leon Abbett can sing regarding his chances for the Senatorship. They are growing small by degrees and unbeautifully less. It is now said that his name will not even be presented to the Democratic caucus. He has been repudiated unmistakably by his party, despite all his efforts to win favor; even his shameless action in behalf of the ballot-box stuffers availed him nothing. The doom of Abbett, if not of Abbettism, has been sealed.

The City Club will discuss Mayor Gilroy's recent appointments at an adjourned meeting in the clubhouse, at No. 677 Fifth-ave., to-morrow evening. A full attendance of the members is especially desired.

Here comes the politician's opportunity. Mr. Plunkitt has introduced a bill in the Senate providing for the admission to the bar without examination of any person who has served seven years in the Legislature. When this bill becomes a law all that a man will have to do to become a legal luminary will be to open a liquor shop, make himself popular with the "boys" and the "leaders" and get sent to the Assembly. This will be ever so much easier than studying law and passing an examination, and a man can manage to pay his own expenses meanwhile. Then, when all is ready, he can take his place, unhampered by learning or legal traditions, at the same table with the Choates, Carters, Peckhams, Conderts and Roots. Perhaps, even, he could get admitted to the Bar Association.

If the temperature is low, the air is dry and bracing, and the weather healthful and invigorating. New-York is having an old-time winter and is enjoying it heartily. A dry atmosphere at zero is more tolerable than the continuous humidity which has prevailed during recent winters.

The choice of a United States Senator by Presidential Electors may be rather unusual, but what does a little constitutional irregularity amount to among friends?

Patrick J. Gleason, who means by fair measures or foul ones to hold on to the office to which another man was elected by the people of Long Island City last November, has the idea that he can do a little bulldozing outside of the city on which he has done so much to bring disgrace; but the probabilities are that he will find himself in error. "I have given out the report," he says, "that I am going to run for the State Senate next fall in order to influence the Attorney-General in my favor should quo-warranto proceedings be taken." If this plan is to be of any service to Gleason why should he talk so glibly about it? Is he sure, anyway, of his ability to influence the Attorney-General of the State in his favor by such a pretext as he puts forward? He has been supposed to possess something more than ordinary shrewdness, but this may be doubted now.

PERSONAL.

Up to date only eight Kentuckians are much talked about for the succession to Mr. Carlisle in case the Senator becomes a Cabinet officer; but the canvass has not really opened yet. Watterson, Proctor Knott, General John Brown, ex-Governor Buckner and four Congressmen—Breckinridge, McCreary, Stone and Goodnight—are among the possibilities.

The Rev. John Cuckson, formerly of Springfield, Mass., and not long ago called to Brooke Herford's pulpit in Boston, is said to be a remarkably fine penman. His writing is as beautiful as a professional copyist's, and he plies the pen with rapidity and ease.

A. A. Fet-Scheuschin, who died in Moscow recently, was one of the best known authors of Russia. He was born in the Government of Orel, and was educated at the famous University of Moscow, where so many great Russians have studied. The poet's family name was Scheuschin, but when he began to be famous he prefixed his mother's name, Fet, to his patronymic. Scheuschin served as an officer in the army from 1844 to 1856. In the latter year he married a sister of S. P. Botkin and settled upon his ancestral estates. He there led the life of a country gentleman until his death. His first book, entitled "Lyrical Pantheon by A. F.," was published in 1840. Numerous works since that time have come from his pen. He was a fine classical scholar and translated into Russian Horace and Juvenal. With the possible exception of Kolzow, no Russian lyric writer, in the opinion of Muscovite critics, equalled Scheuschin in beauty and wealth of language.

The Hon. Winifriede Sugden, a Zenana missionary, will speak at Grace Church Rectory this afternoon at 12 o'clock on the present condition of woman in India. Ladies interested in the subject are invited to attend.

Bernhardt has sent a diamond ring and photograph of herself in the role of Cleopatra to the English lady who captured and restored to its owner the actress's serpent last summer. The snake had escaped, and this lady, while out walking, noticed it, attention being drawn the more readily to Madame's "cher python" by the gold chain and jewelled ring attached to it.

It has been expected in Washington that the next great ball given there would be Sir Julian Pauncefote's. The British Minister and Lady Pauncefote have recently been giving large dinner parties, followed by dancing in simple style. Something more elaborate is looked for soon, however, though it is said that Sir Julian and his family have been careful about making social plans since Mr. Blaine's condition became alarming. It is understood that in the case of Mr. Blaine's death the Diplomatic Corps would observe the same period of mourning as if he were still in official life. The Cabinet would set the example, and the probabilities are that for at least two weeks none of the members of Cabinet families would take any part in social matters.

"THE MOUNTEBANKS."

It would be "getting out of the book," as the chess-players term it, to make a discussion of "The Mountebanks," which was produced at the Garden Theatre last evening, turn on the consequences of the disruption of relations between Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan; and yet nothing could make such a discussion seem more apposite than the production of a work in which only one of those fortunately mated collaborators had a hand. "The Mountebanks," we believe, is the only operetta for which Mr. Gilbert has supplied the book of words since the partnership was dissolved. In associating himself with Mr. Cellier he undoubtedly chose the best colleague that England had to offer. Sir Arthur Sullivan, obeying a natural, though a mistaken, ambition abandoned the field of operetta for that of opera, and also made a most excellent choice of an associate. Of "Ivanhoe" there is no occasion to speak here, though its career in London might be said to paint the same moral that we are constrained to see in "The Mountebanks." Gilbert and Sullivan were made for each other. Without the other each is only half a man compared with what he was in the days of his collaboration.

When it comes to a comparison with anything else in his province, however (which is the state of affairs that we are invited to contemplate by "The Mountebanks"), it must be said as frankly and as emphatically as the circumstances will permit that no single writer of musical comedy now active has it within him to give half the pleasure that Mr. Gilbert provides in this new operetta. Not that he distinguishes himself in it by marked originality in idea or method of expression, for, as has long been the case, he works over again some of his felicitous ideas that have done him service ever since he has been a writer of operetta librettos; but simply because none of his imitators and would-be rivals has yet held a candle to him in the ingenuity of his constructive scheme or the refinement of his execution. To listen to any one of Mr. Gilbert's comedies has always been an intellectual refreshment. One may laugh consumedly at his conceits without being ashamed of one's self. "The Mountebanks," in its fundamental idea, suggests "The Sorcerer," and in its topsy-turvy logic reflects all of that operetta's successors; but it is only the more amiable on that account. It will be enjoyed, as a comedy, for the same reason that all those successors were enjoyed; and if it should chance to fail of popular success, as "Princess Ida" failed, it will be again for the same reason, and the failure will evoke the sympathy of every lover of bright, clean, witty operetta. Whatever of apology will be in order will have to be made not for the play but for the public.

Haply such a consummation will not come to pass, for, though Mr. Cellier's music is far from being on the level of the book, it is neither tedious nor offensive to good taste. Mr. Cellier was long intimately associated with Sir Arthur Sullivan, and studied his methods to good purpose. The fact is obvious in the music with which he has clothed Mr. Gilbert's text, particularly in the second act, which completely reverses the rule so general with operetta composers, by increasing in beauty and interest as the end approaches. In several of the numbers, indeed, Sir Arthur is pressed pretty closely, though he is never reached even for a moment.

In respect of the stage decorations, the singing of the chorus and the acting and singing of the principals, the performance last night was highly creditable. It is a feature for which not the performers or manager, but Mr. Gilbert is responsible that the burden of interest is laid upon the comedians in the play, instead of the singers. There is some dainty humor, characteristically Gilbertian in its essence, in the part which is assumed by Miss Russell, but in dramatic interest her character is surpassed by that filled by Miss Clement, just as that of Mr. Hayden Coffin is by the clown impersonated by Mr. Louis Harrison. But as Miss Russell and Mr. Coffin sing exceedingly well (though their interpolations are scarcely to be commended), it may be that the circumstance mentioned only tends toward the establishment of a better balance of parts than is usual. At any rate, it is to the credit of the operetta that it enables Mr. Harrison to play a buffoon who is actually amusing. His performance as an automaton is remarkably clever, and he is one of the few persons in the company who seem to have an appreciation of what Gilbert wrote. The audience that heard the operetta was numerous and enthusiastic.

AN INTERESTING PARALLEL.

WILL IT BE CARRIED OUT TO THE END?

From The Morning Advertiser.

The circumstances which led to the retirement of Mr. Conkling twelve years ago have a peculiar interest just now, because of a strange similarity between the situation then existing in the dominant Republican party and the present condition of things in the dominant Democratic party.

JANUARY, 1881.	JANUARY, 1893.
Garfield to be inaugurated March 4. Not in harmony with Republican party management in New-York State.	Cleveland to be inaugurated March 4. Not in harmony with Democratic party management in New-York State.
Roscoe Conkling, hold-over United States Senator, undisputed leader of his party in New-York State.	David B. Hill, hold-over United States Senator, undisputed leader of his party in New-York State.
A. B. Cornell, Governor of New-York, allied, but not inseparably allied, with the party leader.	Roswell P. Flower, Governor of New-York, allied, but not inseparably allied, with the party leader.
Richard Crowley and Thomas C. Platt, contestants for United States Senatorship to be filled—Platt backed by party leader, Crowley by friends of the incoming Administration; but both men friendly to the State machine.	Edward Murphy, jr., and W. Bourke Cockran, contestants for United States Senatorship to be filled—Murphy backed by party leader, Cockran by friends of the incoming Administration; but both men friendly to the State machine.
Platt nominated by a big majority in party caucus January 19.	Murphy nominated by a big majority in party caucus January 10.
AFTER MARCH 4, 1881.	AFTER MARCH 4, 1893.
Struggle, based on Senatorial courtesy, over patronage, between the President and the New-York Senators.	
Resignation of Senators Conkling and Platt.	
Bitter division of the party on Half-Breed-Stalwart lines.	? ?
Defeat in next National election.	